



ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

VOL. XIV—NO. 6—WHOLE NO. 692.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Mastery Monographs From a Trench-ant Pen.

TIME A CONDENSER.

Johnston's Choice of a Battle-Ground and Napoleonic Boldness.

SHERMAN'S PART.

Rapid Progress and Surmounting of Extraordinary Obstacles.

By

O. O. Howard

Major-General.

IV.—ADAIRSVILLE.

IT IS NOT A little wonderful how time condenses history. It diminishes in its proportions like ranges of mountains from which you are receding. Our great conflict is called The War, and to some extent, especially among those concerned in it who are still living, its actors are still known and recognized by name; yet, a little observation will show that the doings of the leaders have already faded from public mind. Certainly, new conflicts among the nations will little by little drive ours more and more into obscurity, or into small historic corners. Eventually something like the following will probably be the condensation:

"From 1861 to 1865 an effort was made by Jefferson Davis and others associated with him to divide the States and form a Southern Confederacy. War resulted, and the National Government, under the leadership of President Lincoln, aided by his General-in-Chief, U. S. Grant, after a severe struggle, was victorious. Thus the National Union was maintained."

These thoughts have arisen from observing the very little compass which our next battle, Adairsville, has secured, even in the report of our beloved chief, Gen. Sherman. It is but a paragraph, namely:

"Near Adairsville we again found signs of the rebel army, and of a purpose to fight, and about sunset of that day (the 17th of May, 1864), Gen. Newton's Division, in the advance, had a pretty sharp encounter with his rear-guard, but the next morning he was gone."

Sherman in his Memoirs was not quite so brief. He gave the date as the 17th of May, and represented that our head of column

ENCOUNTERED THE REAR-GUARD of the Confederate army near Adairsville, and "toward evening" he him-



GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER.

self was with the advance, and from the highest ground was endeavoring to catch glimpses of his enemy. The General believes that the party grouped about himself drew the first fire of the enemy's battery: "A shell passed through the group of staff-officers, and burst beyond, which scattered us promptly."

Even this seems a little meager to us who were there and more immediately engaged. Of course, it was not a very great battle—not a general engagement. It began with Newton's Division on our side, and doubtless with Johnston's rear-guard on his side, but considerably more than those two divisions were drawn into a severe conflict before the darkness shut down upon us and stopped further proceedings.

By observing the notes of Gen. Johnston, the Confederate commander, we see that "the Southern army crossed the Oostanaula about midnight, 15th-16th of May." It then went on to Calhoun, but seven miles distant. The 17th it marched eight miles, to Adairsville, by 8 o'clock a. m.; remained there till next morning, the 18th. This was the order of events as I believed at the time, and then reported that Johnston had taken a strong position at Adairsville, and that partially entrenched the place, and that

his whole army was present while the evening entertainment was going on.

Adairsville was a small village situated amid quite extensive cultivated fields, where wheat, corn, and cotton were habitually raised in considerable quantity. The village had at one time numbered perhaps 200 souls. It had a manufactory of arms, machine shops, a few stores, and at least one moderate hotel.

The ground Johnston had selected for which to hold us in check, and it might be to invite a general action, was a large farm, where the cotton-gins and presses showed that the cotton was the main product.

Capt. Conyngham, whom we met at Re-aca, thought, but I do not deem the opinion well founded, that

THE STUBBORN BATTLE

made by Johnston at Adairsville was to guard his artillery and trains that he was obliged to load upon the cars at the depot. He has further given but two corps (Hood's and Hardee's), which were deployed and entrenched against our advance. He probably obtained his information from the prisoners who fell into our hands, an information not necessarily complete, nor always reliable. Now, considering that we have located the field of Adairsville, with the entire Confederate force in position, in rear of that town, facing northward, having at least the infantry and artillery of Hood and Hardee in place, and I may add, covered by a strong skirmish-line, and also the entire corps of Polk in reserve, let us turn back the dial, and return to Sherman's army as it was crossing the Oostanaula, and see, if we can, what it did and what resulted from its doings.

Instantly when my report at Resaca that Newton occupied the abandoned trenches of the enemy at dawn of the 16th of May reached Sherman, he ordered pursuit. One division of our cavalry, under Garrard, was scouted off toward Rome, so now the infantry divis-



GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

ion of Gen. Jeff C. Davis was hurried down the Oostanaula valley, keeping on the right bank of the river, to support the cavalry, and, if possible, seize Rome and hold it.

Two bridges were already laid and in good order at Lay's Ferry. Sweeney's Division, as we have previously seen, was across the river, so that at once McPherson began his movement; i. e., to cross over the remainder of his command, the Sixteenth Corps, under Dodge, having the advance, and Logan with the Fifteenth following closely, and then push on southward, endeavoring to overtake the retreating foe. A few miles out, not far from Calhoun, McPherson's skirmishers encountered the Confederates. A sharp skirmish speedily followed, in which the Second Brigade, Second Division of Dodge's Corps came under the

SUDDENLY-DEVELOPED FIRE

In a few minutes that command had lost 52 men, and among the mortally wounded was Col. Burke, of the 66th Ill. The Colonel lingered until the next day, when he died, thus, our record says, "giving sacrifice of a valuable life to his country."

Confederate Johnston did not long delay in front of McPherson, and yet he was there a sufficient length of time to cause McPherson to develop his lines, go into position, and get ready for action. The expected affair did not come off, for Johnston had other points demanding his attention.

Finding the enemy gone from his front the next morning, McPherson continued his movement down the river road to a point—McGuire's Crossroads—which is about two west of Adairsville, and perhaps 10 or 11 miles distant.

Gen. Thomas, about the same time as McPherson, a little east of McPherson, with the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, took up a direct pursuit. The railroad bridge over the Oostanaula had been partly burned, but a rough floating bridge was quickly made from the timbers and planking at hand.

My corps, the Fourth, led in this pursuit; we also, just after McPherson's skirmish, began to exchange shots with Johnston's rear-guard, therefore making during the 16th but slow progress. A Confederate newspaper correspondent, speaking of the Southern army, represented that "the Yankees followed our army closely, and pressed us all day (this was that same 16th), but Stewart's Division has kept them at bay so far. This evening there was sharp fighting on our right, but I have not learned what it was caused from. Our present position is around Calhoun, but the chances are that we will continue our retreat to Adairsville to-morrow."

This helps to show that Confederate

Stewart's Division constituted Johnston's rear-guard, which we were so closely following. The severe skirmish of the evening was a brief one between Stanley's Division and Johnston's line at Calhoun.

Early next day (the 17th) our column, passing the enemy's empty works at Calhoun, continued the march, Newton's Division on the lead, starting at half-past 5, followed by Stanley's. Newton followed the Adairsville wagon-road, while Wood, a little farther to the right, came up abreast along the railroad.

I WAS NEAR NEWTON. Our progress was continually interrupted. Confederate Stewart's rear-guard division, in its checks and stops, bothered us with all arms of the service.

At intervals this rear-guard, at chosen places, would set up and defend two or three barricaded lines, barricading with railroad ties, fence-rails, logs, or poles at hand. These temporary covers were usually put up near the edge of timber, so as to force us to cross an open field in their front. And we were compelled to encounter these traps every half or three-quarters of a mile. Of course this maneuvering forced us every time to halt and deploy at least a brigade, and also to send out a flanking force strong enough to spring the trap and take care of itself.

As we neared Adairsville the resistance increased. Gen. Wood, across the railway, kept extending his skirmish-line and strengthening it till it abutted against the enemy's main line west of Adairsville. Gen. Newton, east of Wood, did the same, deploying farther and farther to the left, doubling his advance-line.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Newton's men, rushing into a grove of trees, brought out from the Confederates a heavy fire. It was a little later than this when Gen. Sherman came riding up with his staff and escort and led off to the highest ground. There he was observing with his fieldglass, when he drew the fire of a battery.

I also recall another episode which occurred about this time. The skirmishing on both sides had grown into brisk and rapid firing, just as I was approaching Gen. Newton and his staff. Our group, so large, attracted attention. A hostile battery of several guns was turned upon our ground. The shells began to burst over our heads at our right and left at

RATHER CLOSE PROXIMITY

for comfort. One of them disabled the horse of Col. T. J. Morgan, and put Col. Fullerton, my Adjutant-General, who was mounted, upon his feet; two Orderlies' horses were disabled, and still another horse belonging to the Headquarters cavalry company was crippled. One piece of shell in the air slightly wounded Capt. Bliss, of Gen. Newton's staff, carrying away the badge of rank from his shoulder.

It being now evident, as there was fighting along the front of two divisions—that is, along their skirmish-lines, which had been increased and reinforced—that the Confederates had made a strong stand here at Adairsville. And we were prepared for battle. So I made haste to bring up my reserves for a decided assault. It always requires, however, equipped and supplied, time to get an attacking column in readiness for action.

Quite promptly, though, the columns were in motion; but as soon as the vigorous movement was inaugurated, Gen. Thomas, then by my side, said to me that it was too near night to take the offensive. He instructed me further to simply do what was needed to hold my position, and postpone, if possible, (that is, if the Confederates would agree,) any general engagement till daylight the next morning.

My war notes here say: "Yet a real engagement was going on, since both parties continued to reinforce the skirmish-lines until they (the lines) were tantamount to a line-of-battle."

One battery of artillery drew another into action. Our batteries one after another were quickly brought up, and fired with their usual spirit and vigor. The sun went down upon this noisy, unusual and bloody conflict, where probably both parties, could they have had their way, were really disposed to wait till the morning.

It was, however, 9 o'clock at night,



GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

and very dark, before we could disengage. Then the rattling musketry, with an occasional boom of a battery, continued further into the night, gradually diminished to a fitful and irregular fire of

NERVOUS MEN ON THE PICKET-LINE.

The losses, I am sorry to say, in my corps resulting from this affair at Adair-

ville were at least 200 killed and wounded.

During the night the Fourteenth Corps came in close support, and McPherson moved from McGuire's so much toward Adairsville as to connect with Thomas's right flank. But no general action here. For the next morning at dawn, the 18th of May, we found that Johnston had made another clean retreat. The reason for it we will find by taking the map and following the movement of Sherman's left column. This column was Schofield's troops reinforced by Hooker's Twentieth Corps. Sherman has sent Hooker to follow Schofield over the ferries that ran across the branches of the Oostanaula above us, because our new bridge at Resaca had not sufficient capacity for all, and probably, furthermore, to give greater strength to his left most flanking force.

The left column, setting out at the same hour with us, was obliged to make a wide detour eastward and to cross two



GEN. JOHN B. HOOD, C. S. A.

rivers instead of one, to wit, the Conasauga and the Coosawatee. Schofield laid his bridges at Fite's and Field's Crossings. I believe that Stoneman's cavalry, then with Schofield, and also that of Edwin McCook and Kilpatrick, were able to ford the rivers.

As soon as practicable the left formed two columns, consisting of Cox's Twenty-third Corps, with the cavalry for the left one on the outer flank, and Hooker's coming up between my corps and Schofield's. Johnston heard during the night, by reports from his active cavalry scouts, that Hooker and Schofield were beyond his right and aiming for Cassville, thus threatening the Allatoona Bridge, his main crossing of the next river, the Etowah. He knew, too, that McPherson, as we noticed, had already turned his position on the other flank, and was resting between McGuire's Crossroads and Adairsville, and he also had tidings that a division of cavalry, supported by infantry, was much farther west in the immediate vicinity of Rome, a town still further south, and that his column was likely to

CARRY THE WEAK FORTS

there by assault, and so swoop up his foundries and important mills. Surely things were not favorable for a long delay at Adairsville. Certainly, unless the Confederate commander was prepared to take the immediate offensive against Thomas at dawn in the morning, his Confederate army would be before many hours in a bad predicament. No wonder that he drew off before the prospectively fatal day had dawned.

Judging by Confederate accounts, I am inclined to think that there was no complete report of losses on the part of the enemy. Gen. Johnston intimates that, as they fought mainly behind breastworks at Resaca, the loss of the Confederates, compared with ours, was not large. One who was present remarks: "A rebel regiment was captured by Howard, and a few vagabond pickets were picked up in various places." Another declares that, besides the wounded, "prisoners (Confederate) at the hour I write, 9 a. m., May 16, are being brought in by hundreds," and further, the number of prisoners and deserters, including many officers of the Confederate line and staff, were in the neighborhood of 4,000 at the close of the battle of Adairsville.

All this show of success gave us increased courage and hope. It should be noticed that our railroad man, Col. Wright, repairing the railways, was putting down new bridges with incredible rapidity. I had hardly left Dalton before his trains with bread, provender and ammunition were already in that little town.

By the 16th of May, early in the morning, while skirmishing was still going on with the rear-guard of Johnston, across the Oostanaula, the scream of our locomotive's whistle was heard behind us at Resaca. The telegraph, too, was never much delayed. Capt. (or Maj.) Van Dusen repaired the old broken line, and kept us constantly in communication with our depots and with Washington.

So that when, on the morning of the 18th we were destroying the Georgia State Arsenal at Adairsville, and visiting the wounded that the Confederates had the night before left behind, and picking up a few stragglers in GRAY COATS,

we received word from our Commissaries at Resaca that there was now at that sub-depot, at our call, abundance of coffee, hard bread, and bacon.

This was the third battle between the

10th and the 19th of May which I had passed over. It was, indeed, inspiring to our men to gain so much ground and make such rapid progress. Though, we confess, the cost was very great. For our hospitals were fast filling up with poor fellows who could accompany us no farther, and we were leaving our dead at every railroad station. It is they who have been gathered into that large army which have since filled up the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.

Thus we notice from Tunnel Hill to Adairsville, Sherman, in less than 10 days, had experienced pretty hard fighting, but he had also overcome extraordinary natural obstacles which, according to writers in the Southern press, had been relied upon as impregnable against any enemy's approach, supported and defended as they were by the brave hosts of Joe Johnston behind them—obstacles such as Tunnel Hill, Taylor's Ridge, Snake Creek Gap, and the Oostanaula, with its tributaries. True, the Confederate army was not yet much reduced in numbers, yet the spirit of the men, though not broken, was sensibly affected by Johnston's constant retreat.

On our side the officers and men at that period were happy, full of energy and confidence. The "door of Georgia," so much talked of as an impregnable barrier, referred to Dalton and its natural defenses. This "door" was now forced, and was ever after to remain wide open.

Gen. Johnston was becoming every day more and more conservative and cautious. He continued to stand ever on the defensive, while under Sherman, Thomas, Schofield, McPherson, and their corps commanders, our more numerous men were pressing against his front, and to the right and left of his army with

NAPOLEONIC BOLDNESS.

They had thus far experienced hardly a check, as, like heavy waves, these forces were rolling on toward the sea.

Now, near Adairsville, in a little nook to the right of the road, as we were marching toward Kingston, we caught sight of a group of young ladies standing on the green; they appeared somewhat nervous and excited on our approach.

I accented the one who had most self-possession, and who had stepped out in front of her companions.

"Young lady, can you tell me whose residence this is?"

She answered curtly:

"It belongs to Capt. Howard."

"Ah, Capt. Howard. That is my name. My name is Howard. Perhaps we are connections."

She immediately replied:

"We have no relations whatever North, sir."

Just then, asked, "Is Capt. Howard at home?"

She replied, "No."

"Where might he be?"

"Capt. Howard is with the Confederate army, where he ought to be."

"Ah, indeed. I am sorry that one of our name is in the rebel army. Where is that army?"

"I don't know anything about the Confederate movements. I told you, sir, that I had no relations North."

"Well, then, the blood of all the Howards does not run in your veins?"

At this time, turning to a staff officer, and within hearing of the group of young ladies, I remarked, as the sound of skirmishing reached our ears:

"That house will make an excellent field hospital."

The speaker and her companions were frightened at this, and ran to the house and appeared shortly after on the upper porch. Soon a middle-aged lady came hastily toward me, before we had left the premises, and besought me not to take her house for a hospital. I replied that I had been treated very cavalierly by the young people, and that my courtesy met only with rebuff.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you must not mind those girls. They talk flippantly."

Fortunately for the family there was nothing but a slight skirmish in their neighborhood, and the lovely house and other buildings near at hand, so prettily enshrouded beyond the green deeply in the grove of trees, were not used for the dreaded army purposes.

I have since heard that this Georgia family has remembered my visit and has spoken highly of me, probably more highly than I deserved. Possibly the prejudice has given way to time and change, so that these namesakes of Georgia might not now be willing to sever themselves from all connection with the multitudinous Howard family.

After leaving this place we proceeded to Kingston, where Gen. Sherman had already established his Headquarters, and where they were to remain during the few days' rest after Johnston's Confederate forces had crossed the Etowah.

[To be continued.]

Sleeves for the Fat Lady.

[Cincinnati Tribune.]

"Gentlemen," announced the orator of the Greatest Ten Cent Road Show on Earth, "gentlemen, as you are well aware, our handbills and dodgers announced that there would be a grand, free, double balloon ascension and parachute drop preliminary to the opening of the entertainment. I am compelled to say, gentlemen, that it has been unavoidably postponed. Owing to the hotel fire, our fat lady suffered the loss of all her street and house dresses, and we were compelled to use the balloons for sleeves in the new dress she procured in a great hurry. Step right in and see the largest fat lady on the face of the globe."

MEN ON HORSEBACK AT CEDAR CREEK.

Helped to Make the Most Wonderful Historic Day of the Rebellion.

WATCHING THE RIGHT.

Following Custer in a Mad Rush to the Front.

THE FINAL CHARGE.

How the Cavalry Brought Back the Guns.

BY F. B. DICKINSON, 5TH N. Y. CAV., CEEER, N. Y.



I HAVE READ with much interest and pleasure the truthful description of the part taken by the Third Cavalry Division in the battle of Cedar Creek from the pen of Orderly-Serg't Hanford, of the gallant 2d Ohio Cav., in your issue of March 1 and 8. As Comrade Hanford seems not to have been aware of the movements of the 5th N. Y. Cav., who were temporarily detached from the division on that great day of surprise, defeat and victory, it may not be uninteresting to him and all other comrades who helped to make the 19th of October, 1864, the most wonderful historic day of the rebellion.

It will not be necessary at this time to mention the skillful and stealthy manner in which the enemy approached our unapprehensive army encamped in fancied security along the north bank of Cedar Creek. The Third Cavalry Division was in position to watch the right flank of the army, and picketing along Cedar Creek to the right of the Sixth Corps. When the firing commenced on our pickets, at about 4 o'clock in the morning, it was immediately followed by a tremendous uproar away over on our left, where the Eighth Corps was encamped.

From force of habit attained from service the sound of the first guns was considered a sufficient command to

CAUSE EVERY MAN TO JUMP

for his equipments, saddle his horse, and be ready for any emergency. No orders came, however, for a long time.



GEN. CUSTER.

Our camp was near that of Gen. Custer's Headquarters. Custer and his staff were mounted nearly as soon as we were, and seemed to be waiting for orders and the return of one of the staff, who had been sent to learn the trouble with the pickets in his own front.

The firing over on our left rapidly increased in volume and distinctness, which indicated that the enemy was coming nearer. Our camp, or bivouac, was on the west side, and very near the summit of a wooded ridge which lay nearly at right angles to Cedar Creek, and its position on the right flank of the Sixth Corps and a few rods from Gen. Custer's Headquarters tents, which were near a dirt road running east and west across the ridge, the eastern trend terminating at Middletown, the rest of the division being in camp near by.

Gen. Custer, being very much concerned about the condition of things over in the vicinity of the pike and the Eighth Corps, gave orders to the Captain commanding battery to move out on the road and follow him, and to the 5th N. Y. Cav. to follow them. This was rather a lively job, as he started out at a gallop, which was continued until we were on the downward slope toward Middletown, when the speed was increased to a sharp run. Along the road there were indications that the

INFANTRY HAD FALLEN BACK

in a northern direction across this road, and at one point a few dead soldiers of a Maine regiment lay by the side of a stone wall that skirted the side of the road, which showed that there had been a stand made there by our troops.

But there were no live men of either side to be seen as we made our mad rush down the gentle incline toward the

pike. Nearly all our attention was required to guide our horses safely over the rough and stony road.

We reached the pike just north of Middletown, where the section of artillery we were following swung into position and commenced throwing shell at the enemy, who were just visible at the outskirts of the little town. While this was being done we were taking position for the support of our guns. Here we had an opportunity of looking around. The sun was just making its appearance in the east. To the south and southwest was a dense bank of fog that lay along



THE YELL OF OUR BOYS WAS HEARD.

the course of Cedar Creek and the north branch of the Shenandoah River and clinging to the base of the bold front of old Massanut Mountain, hiding it from view, except a small portion of the top, and extending as far as the eye could reach in the direction of Front Royal.

This is my recollection of the fog, which has caused so much talk among critics of this battle. The enemy were almost entirely enveloped, but they soon saw us, and ran a battery into position and commenced throwing shell, which made it rather uncomfortable, but did not attempt to advance their line in our direction.

It was evident that our army had gone to the rear, and many years later, through the controversies in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, I learned that some of

OUR DIVISION HAD BEEN SENT BACK to try to persuade some of the infantry that it was not necessary to run any further, and that there was a line of cavalry between them and the rebels;

but all arguments were apparently of no avail. They had very little confidence in the veracity of a cavalryman anyhow. Yet it may have had a very important bearing on the influence that Gen. Sheridan was able to exert when he shouted those historical words, "Face the other way, boys," set the army in motion in the opposite direction, and restored confidence to those regiments and brigades who were so badly pulverized earlier in the day.

We knew nothing at the time of the extent of the disaster that had befallen the army before daylight, but a little later we learned with much sorrow and regret of the surprise and defeat of that grand old Eighth Corps, who had won brilliant honors on so many bloody fields. They had sustained a greater loss than either the Sixth or Nineteenth Corps in artillery, besides losing all their camp equipage, through no fault of theirs, as all believed at the time.

These controversies between the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps have been a source of a great amount of amusement to us cavalrymen in years past. We are getting older now, and perhaps a little more sensitive; or, rather, we are coming to a more realizing sense of the needs of preserving

OUR OWN SHARE OF THE HONORS of getting those guns back.

Now, I believe the writers of those articles referred to tell the truth when they say: "We lost our guns in the morning, but got them all back at night." And I further believe it would not have reflected any discredit upon yourselves, your corps, or the army, if you had added another untold truth, and said: "The cavalry brought our guns all back at night."

I shall quote from Gen. Custer's congratulatory order to his division, dated Middle Military Division, Oct. 21, 1864: "Among the substantial fruits of this victory you can boast of



A FEW DEAD SOLDIERS.

having captured five battle-flags, a large number of prisoners, including Maj. Gen. Remaine, and 45 of the 48 pieces of artillery taken from the enemy on that day." * * *

So, you see, according to Gen. Custer's own statement, you did actually capture three of those guns. You did more. No one blames you for not doing more. It has not been my fortune to meet a

(Continued on second page.)